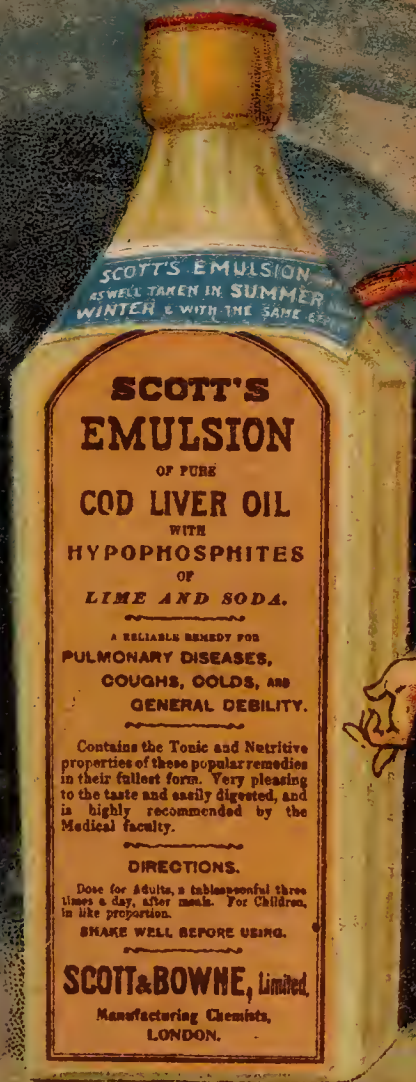


The Pied Piper of Hamelin



pam **FIVE POINTS which users of cod liver oil should bear in mind:**

QV 26

189 *

542 P

1st Point: Cod liver oil is the most valuable fat that can be employed for adding fat to the body; for not only does it do the same work as other oils and fats, but it has in addition a distinct and striking medicinal curative effect, in certain cases of disease and in all "run-down" conditions of the body, which cannot be obtained from any other fatty substance.

2nd Point: Cod liver oil, while possessing these immense virtues, has nevertheless three great drawbacks, when used in its plain state. The first two are taste and smell, and the third is its almost inevitable disturbance of the stomach—indigestion. Experiments by doctors have proved that most people, particularly those who are very weak, are unable to extract more than about one-third of the curative and strengthening value of the oil.

3rd Point: From the cod liver oil in SCOTT'S EMULSION the offensive taste and smell have been taken away and, what is of still greater importance, the whole of the oil is readily absorbed by the system and passes into the structural fat of the body. The same set of doctors' experiments referred to above has proved that SCOTT'S EMULSION weight for weight is more than three times as efficacious as plain cod liver oil. This is the result of the SCOTT process.

4th Point: If, therefore, you are seeking to better your physical condition, to restore health and strength or to cure any disease for which cod liver oil is a cure, you are three times more certain to do so by buying SCOTT'S EMULSION.

5th Point: If you are in doubt whether SCOTT'S EMULSION will be better for you than plain cod liver oil, ask your doctor.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.



22501601978

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN



A VERY long time ago—long, long before the oldest man you ever saw was born—the people living in the little German town of Hamelin were in great trouble. Their houses were full of rats !

Nowadays we think it bad enough if one rat gets into the house. Sometimes this happens, and then mother cannot rest content until he is caught and killed and his hole stopped up with broken glass.

But at Hamelin there were such lots and lots of rats that the more people killed the more there seemed to be. Every dog in Hamelin killed rats

until he was tired, but still there seemed to be just as many. Worst of all, these rats were so hungry and so bold that they did not stay in their holes till dark, but came out in broad daylight when everybody was about.

Robert Browning (a great English poet) wrote out this story in poetry for a little boy friend of his, and this is what he says the rats did :—

“ They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out from the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks’ own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men’s Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women’s chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.”

This made the people very, very cross. They talked about nothing else but the rats, what the rats had done and what the rats might do next—except when they left off to talk about the Burgomaster (as they called their Mayor), and I am afraid some of them were rude enough to call him a “ silly old thing ” for not finding out some way of driving all the rats away.

Just at the moment when things were at their very worst, whom should they see standing before them in the middle of the town but the Pied Piper ! Nobody saw him come, nobody knew whence he came, nobody had ever seen him before, nor even heard of him. My ! how those people stared, for never in their lives had they seen such a funny looking man :—

“ His queer, long coat, from heel to head,
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,

And light, loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in ;
There was no guessing his kith and kin :
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.”

The Pied Piper went straight up to the Burgomaster, where he sat scratching his head and biting his nails and drumming his fingers on the table, trying to think out a way of getting rid of the rats. “ I’ll take them all away for a thousand guilders ! ” said the Pied Piper.

This was a lot of money in those days, but the Burgomaster was so glad to think of getting rid of the rats that he promised the money at once.

The Pied Piper went out into the street again and began to play a curious sort of tune on a little pipe or trumpet which he carried with him. Then a strange thing happened :—

“ . . . ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling,
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats—
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.”

You see, the rats liked this funny music so much that it made them think of all the nicest things they knew of. It made them think they were going to a lovely place where there was plenty of everything they liked best to eat and drink, such as cheese and sugar and corn and meal. They followed the Pied

Piper so fast and so blindly, up one street and down another, never looking where they were going. And the cunning man led them to the river Weser, and they couldn't stop themselves and all tumbled in one after the other and were drowned !

When the people knew that all the rats were drowned they shouted for joy, threw up their caps in the air, laughed, danced, sang, skipped and slapped each other on the back. Perfect strangers stopped to shake hands with each other in the street, so glad were they all.

Just when they were at their merriest, up popped the Pied Piper and asked the Burgomaster for his thousand guilders !

“A thousand guilders for a ragged old Piper !” said the Burgomaster, “ridiculous ! Of course, I was only joking when I promised you all that money. You see, the rats are all drowned now and they can't come to life again. So here are a few shillings to help you on your road—and be off with you !”

“ But you promised me a thousand guilders ! ” said the Piper.

“ Now, move off ! ” said the Burgomaster, “ or I’ll have you locked up, you lazy, idle vagabond ! ”

“ You’ll be sorry for this,” said the Piper. But the Burgomaster went off to dinner—a good hot one to celebrate the drowning of the rats.

The Piper was very angry ; his face was terrible to see. He turned sharp round and put his pipe to his lips again. This time he played a different tune, but just as curious and far sweeter than the tune he played to the rats. The result was even more wonderful :—

“ There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running ;

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music, with shouting and laughter.”

This time the Pied Piper went another way, towards the mountain at the back of the town, and the children followed him just as blindly as the rats had done. And when they came to the big high mountain side, suddenly a great gap opened before them and in they all walked and the mountain closed behind them. They were never seen again !

But one poor little lame boy—you can just see him in the picture—could not walk so fast as the others, and when the mountain closed he was left outside. He hobbled back to the town. The bad Burgomaster who broke his promise was wringing his hands and groaning and wishing he had paid the Piper his money. All the poor mothers and fathers who had lost their children were sobbing and lamenting.

The little lame boy said that when they heard the curious tune the Piper played, it made them think he was talking to them :—

“ . . . he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagle's wings.”

In the picture on the cover of this little book you will see a big bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION standing in the mouth of the cave. Of course, they did not really find it there—no such luck !—because SCOTT'S EMULSION was not invented in those far-off days. The artist put the bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION

there to remind you that if the Pied Piper could come back to life again and wanted to promise you the best thing he could possibly promise, he would almost certainly say SCOTT'S EMULSION ! But as he certainly can't come to life again, this little book must speak for him. This little book shall be your Pied Piper, to lead you to the happy land of HEALTH THROUGH SCOTT'S EMULSION.

Everybody may come to this modern land of happiness and health through SCOTT'S EMULSION—little children, big children, rich children, poor children, pale children, sad children, good children, bad children (if there *are* any bad children)—SCOTT'S EMULSION welcomes them all !

When you feel poorly and sadly, SCOTT'S EMULSION will make you well and strong again and as happy as the day is long, and you can't be much happier than that, can you ?

SCOTT'S EMULSION is not a bit like nasty medicine ; indeed, it is not like medicine at all. SCOTT'S EMULSION is as sweet as cream. It is nicer the

second time than the first, and the third time it is better than ever. After a few days you will find yourself actually looking forward to your SCOTT'S—fancy *wanting* to take your medicine ! There are never any tears at SCOTT'S EMULSION time.

Better still, you will soon find that your other food seems nicer ; this is because SCOTT'S EMULSION makes you hungry. And “hunger makes the best sauce,” as the saying goes.

The nurseries where SCOTT'S EMULSION is used are the happiest nurseries in the world. This is because the little people who get SCOTT'S EMULSION when they are ill are seldom ill for long. They soon get well and want to start playing again. Illness and SCOTT'S EMULSION cannot get on together in the same nursery—when SCOTT'S EMULSION comes in at the door, illness flies out by the window.

Whooping cough, bronchitis, croup, rickets, teething troubles, anæmia, wasting, eczema, “run down” condition—these are a few of the illnesses that

SCOTT'S EMULSION will not tolerate for a moment and quickly sends to the right-about !

SCOTT'S EMULSION is made of the best materials which money can buy, by the best process which skill can devise – the original, perfected Scott process. SCOTT'S is the best, most nourishing, most healing emulsion which can possibly be made.

If you see the Fishman with the fish on the package, you may be sure it is the real SCOTT'S you are getting.

A free sample and “The Cry of the Children” will be sent in return for postage (3d.) by SCOTT & BOWNE, LTD., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.



TRADE MARK OF
SCOTT'S EMULSION.

Asking your Doctor

is a practical way of ascertaining that SCOTT'S EMULSION is "the standard emulsion of cod liver oil," that is, the highest and most perfect form of cod liver oil emulsion. This being so, is it not obvious that, when you purchase an emulsion which is not the standard, you must get effects below the perfection afforded by the standard? Of course, if you are ill you know yourself whether you can afford to take a remedy which is in value, taste, appearance and quality much below the standard. If you are sincerely desirous of a prompt cure you will take the quickest and absolutely certain way to it by purchasing SCOTT'S EMULSION; but if you are indifferent about it you will purchase an imitation of SCOTT'S EMULSION and secure for yourself an "imitation" effect. When purchasing, don't ask for "Emulsion," but ask for and get SCOTT'S EMULSION—the difference between them means a cure for you! See that the Fishman with the big Fish is on the Package.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11 Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.

SCOTT'S EMULSION



This Trademark
Fisherman with the fish
printed in black
is on every package of
Scott's Emulsion

MARTYN'S STORES, LTD
WOLVERHAMPTON.